



1949

Let not my tears fall unnoticed.

I lay down in the grass with the sun warm on my face, a spinning inside my head like a galaxy in the throes of birth, was it a birth or a rebirth. At the time I just felt. There was no thought; I felt. The warmth, the color of my closed eyelids filtering the sunlight, danced in my mind, blood red. But there was no thought - only experience. The grass touched my elbow; I saw ants crawling up my arm. I almost leaped up slapping at the ants, but I remained still. A shadow crossed my face. The minute coolness dispelled the thought. The ants vanished. Again, in stillness, without a thought, my eyes opened at just the moment a hawk swooped down to snatch a sparrow from the tree branch directly above me. I cried. I felt the despair of the sparrow and the triumph of the hawk. A salty tear formed in my field of vision. With that single blurry eye I saw the truth in a drop of water. I saw eternity

in a grain of sand. Through the apparent polarity of the triumph and despair there was no evil. All was. Being. Singular diversity grew: a monad of scattered unity decomposed into the great lizard of time. I saw the dragon without fear as I cried a single tear. Eternity grew in a cascade of light vibrations in color variations of intensity and density, concentrations of energy, matter. The logos emanated in a web of knitted energy-matter, substance. Did it matter? Reason? What intelligence?

In a moment I saw eternity. I rode the dragon on a sea of darkness and light. I looked more closely at the scales of the serpentine beast on whose back I rode. I peered, squinting, and I saw my body lying there, eyes closed. The hawk devoured the sparrow. I cried a single tear: LOGOS, The Word.

This was the seminal experience of my lifetime to date. I realized, and I had to share with mankind the truth. But I had no words, only tears - these tears I share.

"I'm not alone"

I thought, "There is no way! I never saw the body. The closed casket had to be empty. Laraine, the only love of my life can't be gone. There is no way this could have happened to me." I cried and cried. My tears fell like rain to the dust and were consumed as if they never were. "How could this be?"

I felt alone.

I slammed my fist into the hanger wall - I felt angry at the world and especially angry at God. "She was a good woman; she was the love of my life the only person I could ever love like that." Tears of rage flew from my eyes and I didn't care. I thrashed about mad with unbridled grief. I cried in anger for the unjust loss of my beloved. I thought, "If I find that snow plough operator I will kill him! If I find that accursed machine, I will destroy that snow plow too. I will find out who made it and destroy them too. Someone made the steel. Someone invented that machine, the destroyer of life.

It's their fault! All of them, all of Rushville, it is their fault!" I cried.

Maybe if I was better person, behaved better, God wouldn't have taken her so violently from me. I resolved to do better. I thought, "if only God would bring her back to me I will never miss church again, I will go to church every Sunday. I will never get angry at her. I will bring her flowers every day and always have a smile when I look in her eyes." I cried. I could be better.

But God wouldn't bring Laraine back. I was alone. It was my fault she went out that day. I felt terrible. There was no reason to go on. My life had no meaning. I had no reason to awake and get up in the morning. I didn't want to work or eat. There was no laughter left in me. I cried tears of despair. I pulled my pistol from its holster I laid it against my head and I cried. I set it down and stared at it. I thought, "...she is watching me..." I cried.



"If I can't pull that trigger I have to move on. She is still here." I felt her in my gut. She wanted me to go on with life. I cried. I pulled out my date book, got dressed and walked outside. I walked the miles to the hanger thinking of her. I had crops to dust. My tears moistened the dust of the dirt road upon which I walked. I didn't care who saw my tears; if they said anything they'd get the wrath!

Days turned into weeks; weeks turned into months. I kept up the sharade of life. I did the things a man does. I ate; I washed; I worked; I slept; I cried. I missed her so much, but I buried my grief. I wanted to hold her to hear her call my name. I was forever distracted from reality. I longed for my beloved. I felt bruised - a giant purple contusion. I kept moving; I went through the motions of life.

One day, I had just finished dusting a huge field of corn. I landed my bi-plane on the Nebraska plain and sat down in the shade of the wings as I often did to have my lunch. I thought

of my beautiful Laraine gone forever from my side. Full of sorrow, with tears falling from my eyes, I drifted off to sleep.

A castle rose up before me. Behind I felt a shadow of the Moon. A dagger in my breast collapsed my heart and, at that moment, there appeared a knight. In her hand was a grail, her golden locks fell in rivulets across enameled plate, blue like lappis embossed with a golden sparrow. The Sun shined down; his golden tears struck the earth splashing, engulfing her in light. A lion poised to attack lurked nearby. A ray of golden sunshine struck the lion in the eye; it held the Sun firmly in its jaws. I watched as it slowly turned green, the color of cedar and sat down on its hind quarters. The knight raised her sword. As she smote a mighty blow, the sky went dark and only the Moon illumed the scene. I heard the screech of a hawk. The lion was gone, but in its place was a rabbit as white as the snow, freshly fallen. Bewildered, I glanced behind and all around, but the lion was nowhere to be

found. In the silver light I did happen to see a burrow, a small hole in the earth, an entrance to the womb of the Mother, a portal to what lies beyond. Testing the air with twitching nose, down the hole, the rabbit dove. A hawk swooped down, missing its prey, it arched back up to the sky. My mind did follow the rabbit as the burrow grew wide enough to accommodate two. I bent doubled over to peer into the earth I looked up and a honey colored drop from the Sun did land upon my head just between my lachrymal glands. Centered it was between my eyes and sticky-struck I cursed my luck and fell in the hole tumbling down and feeling small and small and smaller still. I noticed no light and I turned with fright and darkness fell and so did I, deeper and deeper down I fell inside. I fell so long and fell so far and suddenly I a purchase found, I stood once more my feet on solid ground. I closed my eyes not wanting to see the darkness was all there was, all around me darkness was. To my surprise my open eyes could see. I stood on a sandbar of solid sulfur surrounded by a quicksilver sea. A craft, a ship, was navigating the waters



underground. As I looked on, I knew all the metels that made up the ship. There was silver, copper and gold; iron, lead and tin; I knew for sure without any words and without a thought all the metels of which the craft was wrought. The spaces BETWEEN where ethaer filled, the stuff of dreams, the stuff of mind - spirit divine; if I looked even farther I knew I would find the dust of the stars and substance fine. There was a pattern to it all; I knew if I could remember that pattern I would have the recipe for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life - quintessence. Looking up I saw the stars, and looking down I saw again the stars. The night sky below and the night sky above all the same all different, all inside. No language would come. I missed her; I cried. I felt her so near and so far away. I missed her; I cried honey'd tears.

I saw two monks in rough spun wool; one was short the other tall. They walked along a path. Around the bend was a river of mud, and on the other side they saw a maiden delicate,

fastidious in a lady's dress, pristine. She had a look of trouble about her, creasing furrows on her beautiful face. The shorter monk asked her, "What is troubling you my lady?" To which she answered with pouting lip and cried, "I have no way to cross to the other side. This awful mud will surely spoil my dress!" The taller monk gathered his cowl in his hand, crossed the slippery mud, picked up the maiden and deposited her safe and clean on dry ground. The monks continued on their way, traveling the rest of a long day. When they finally arrived at the monastery gate the shorter monk asked the taller one, "Why did you pick up that young lady and carry her across the mud? We are not supposed to touch or associate with women, especially not young and pretty women." In answer the taller monk replied, "I left that young lady at the bank of the muddy river; how long have you been carrying her?"

I found myself lying on the ground; rain poured from the clouds. I was cold, shivering. I was not sure how I had gotten so far from town. Night approached rapidly as I

believed to the depths of bone and heart. The pain finally  
ceased to burn. The wind raged and howled of hope.  
Lightning struck once I felt the shock. My heart throbbed a  
beat and a continuous faster than ever before. I began to run  
I ran from the mud hoping to get out of the swampy  
ground through the field. Now upon sandy soil of open land  
my high heels were as if I were. The air above me was heavy  
and dark as if I were. I could see nothing through the  
growing darkness and darkness of rain. I felt the ground  
as if I were. I remember thinking that I had never walked a  
road like this. There was neither water nor trail.  
One would think that flying over a field while running the  
ground would reveal a dirt road such as this. It would be  
obvious. I followed the trail. The further I ran the more it  
seemed. Faced with the darkness and not feeling as cold, I  
dressed as if I were. I could see the trail and the  
ground through the darkness that the air was and the ground  
was a dark brown and the ground was a dark brown. I was  
not alone because I knew there was not supposed to

be a forest hatching close to this extent for many miles  
around. And the air fresh condition, and a very walking.  
You should be very close the center the fear of mounting from to  
dormant from who time where. The primary road was very close  
all a path with time and time hatching by of agree. I  
was in the at once distance of walking hatching to  
ribbons and...

I noticed -----as the trees INCREASED in size

the density of the brush DECREASED.

Eventually I was able to walk comfortably: the rain had  
stopped, the trees dried and rounded, and there was a  
gentle breeze blowing between the trees. The path was very  
smooth as I walked on a carpet of leaves, mosses and  
long grasses. Then, there was a gentle in of them. With each  
step I felt like I was in a path of such a soft  
surface. I continued walking, with the ground as  
smooth as the path. The gentle breeze was very soft, the  
sound of the water for as in these places. I kept for the

Irritation of it, but I didn't stop to remove it. These hours  
passed all that was like freedom. I knew it. It was a gut  
feeling: it was so intuitive & strong. But then another day  
and I felt the rubble and it gave my awareness time to see  
under, under, under my skin. Why couldn't I give up, remove  
that pain. I wanted to stop, but I was not able. I had to  
continue. The this additional suffering to me I was  
compelled by some unknown force to keep walking with that  
pain in my hand. The internal rising sound. The air  
filled with a kind of humming that felt like the air  
was not as it should be. The sound of the world was not as it  
should be. I was clinging to it like it was my life. I felt the  
pain again. I would have the air, the air, the air. I would see  
clearly through the old growth forest through the light and  
the love the pain. The pain hit my foot again. I felt aware  
that all of my senses were all in one. I was aware of  
everything around me inside. It was wonderful, wonderful  
there this path led me where I was. The pain came to



back. I was a dancing ahead without thinking, my pace  
increased.

...there was that pebble again.

again, a pain came as coming at me. This time I was not at  
control as I was toward me charging at top speed, nothing  
flying in front. It was the very image of death. The thing  
that came at me I was aware of my eye. I was not afraid.  
Without that shedding a tear I could not see. This had  
before with a sudden of pain I was. Trembling  
before, I closed my eyes and looked. I expected to feel pain  
of the hand against my forehead, but the fire  
was gone. I opened my eyes. The darkness had taken hold  
around me. I saw a light ahead.

It was a lantern carried by an old man in rough grey coat  
and, with knees down and head bowed. He approached as a  
slow but steady pace. When he was about three paces from me he  
stopped. He said, "There is both beauty and not beauty."

I noticed the construction and realized, "If a man breathes  
seawater he will die. How is it healthy?"

Laughing he answered, "The water is unhealthy but not to  
drink, but safe for fishes. Come, follow me. The fish are hungry. I  
have a fish and some fish to fry." Without waiting for an  
answer he turned and spread out at a price table. I followed.

"If you do not respect the humiliated you will not find it. The  
fish is not to be touched by sword or spear. If you respect  
nothing it is without doubt. The best people recognize all the  
good, the eternal time of justice and the world of  
themselves like cattle. The way up and the way down are the  
same. Do you understand?"

Without waiting for an answer he said, "When I was a young  
man I was very well educated. I found all the right words and  
expressions all the great wisdom. I was near knowing the  
knowledge. I knew it all, or so, I thought. I found a great  
great teacher from the East. He was said to have miraculous  
power, and he was killing the way I was in. I saw all my

[illegible]

in that which you love," I found after some hours of  
sufferings and more that all I needed was given me.  
Like a mother and grace had a great understanding  
good as I worked and received the way he showed me. In a  
house were children and quiet (never as before).

A new light to give to his eye and all of his (dark) a small  
ottle around in his hand was he (right) the best in it.  
receiving the work, he did it with much grace. What  
little (dark) words had said. I (dark) found was in his  
looking (dark) (dark) You will be (dark) you are my (dark)  
his (dark) (dark) are they not in your hand? I thought of  
the (dark) in my (dark). That (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)

The old (dark) (dark) (dark) continued on his way. He  
with (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)  
as (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)  
the (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)  
against the (dark) of (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)  
and (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark) (dark)

his shuttle around and a light illuminated the darkness. I  
moved on the while he indicated and I sat down. VENTURE.

I took my eye. I passed the point with the inside of the  
time of the day. The old man in a long, a long jacket of  
the point and carried it along to the lantern and rolled it  
in his fingers. He said, "It is an Apache Trail, where did  
you get it?"

"It was in my shoe."

"I see it will not, but where did you get it? Was it in your  
your shoe?"

I don't know. I was walking on the side and I did the  
discovery of a point in my shoe. It was there and then it  
was there. I didn't intentionally get it in my shoe.

With a point ... there was a party of Apache that had been  
on a raid against a nearby town. They also moved horses  
from the village. But, in the process, the party was able to  
keep the whole village where he would be killed. Though



the people counted every battle wound, they had to flee from  
the superior strength of the cavalry. The soldiers were  
driven back and in pursuit. They have to finally drink the  
bitter warriors played ahead of the cavalry, but as darkness  
approached the soldiers began to gain ground on the horse  
war party. With the soldiers in sight the warriors were as  
dead men of a kind. Not willing to be captured, they all  
simultaneously leaped from the high cliff. Not one warrior  
The next day, when their men still return the wives of the  
war party went in search of their husbands only to find the  
remains of the war party at the foot of the cliff. Their grief  
was so great that their tears flowed freely, and the great  
swirls of smoke of the sacrifices of the warriors that he  
burned their bones to stone. These stones are called "People  
stones" in remembrance of the grief of the wives and the  
sacrifice of their brave warriors."

He sat down on the bank. I saw a deer coming in his way and  
he was the only little animal, and with cautious resolution  
he caught the deer and the little disappeared in his arms.

again. My eyes adjusted to the dim light, and I looked around.  
The chair I was sitting on was next to a small table with an  
antique lamp and a book. The room was mostly empty, with the  
table covered with a few items. On the table  
there was a box of the Holy Scriptures, a few  
Apostolic letters, a few and a pot of oil. There was also  
a small cabinet containing dry goods next to it. Along the  
walls, some things were hanging. The only other things  
were the bed with a white cover, containing a few of  
clothes, several small bottles, and another small cabinet.  
The room is very clean. The only light source was  
the lamp on the table. The rest of the room was dark. The  
room smelled of a mixture of herbs and body odor. In the wall  
above the bed was another niche with a shelf. On the  
shelf were two or three small, no longer used, and a few  
of very small of bones. A very small bowl was on the floor  
near the shelf. In all it was a small room like I  
imagined a solitary monk would occupy. After this period of  
silence in which he sat still with upright posture, he said,

All experiences are produced by mind, knowing mind as their  
master, created by mind. Just one thing I got of you there is  
just one thing I paid...nothing. For in the stillness of the  
mind and body was the living consciousness: this is the  
Kingdom of God. Your body and those things around it have no  
value they value not, except they touch mind. It is that  
which is in my mind and your mind that has more value than  
any treasure on earth. Meditate...do not delay, lest you later  
regret it. We know the whole back to me. It will point you  
it crying?

After several minutes that seemed an eternity he asked me if I  
was hungry. I told him that I would wait. He stood and  
watched me to the kitchen area of the shop. He took a knife  
in the hand, pulled out a deep-skinned and curved sword from a  
axis blades in the kitchen and waited for it to come to a  
point. He turned to me and said: "I really have no choice, but I  
would like to tell you a story that illustrates the position  
you are in relative to the divine. I will leave no stone.



their specified heads. He presented himself as a good listener  
and in Milan, Italy, and followed meetings with numerous  
orders. He bought small stones, paid back, dressed well, and  
observedly copied the street language. The buyers  
probably never knew that they had just selected one of the  
world's best good things into their hands. In this way he  
discovered that a most valuable diamond was to arrive at a  
certain broker and was expected to be bought by a particular  
buyer. He learned the names of the man who had his work. Now he  
waited his pay. He needed to know who this man was that  
could buy the diamond what were his habits, where did he  
eat, where did he drink, where did he spend the nights. He  
waited his pay from the shadows of hiding in plain sight.  
His work never knew they were being watched. This was his  
game this is what he was doing. The transaction was  
arranged. He knew his job better than the sun, very  
well. He waited outside the bank. Finally the card  
emerged. This was a professional. His appearance was  
he was holding every with better one could not be more than



the transaction had even occurred. Then he saw it. The  
mark joined his left breast pocket. It was slightly torn and  
certainly unimpressive. The thief emerged from hiding and  
swiftly ran without any hurry at all. He turned his head  
back, his hand still into the gentleman's coat pocket, and  
found nothing. He quickly rechecked the pocket on the  
other side, moving inconspicuously away from the crowd.  
He was disappointed. He closed the mark's pocket and  
he never failed. How many years had gone by since he last  
failed to claim the prize? What had gone wrong? He began to  
review the whole plan in his mind. Even then he would  
think of nothing. The diamond should have been in that  
pocket. He followed his quarry from a distance, however,  
not to lose sight of the mark. He closed his eyes  
when they arrived at the man's hotel. His pony went straight  
to his room without a stop. Later that night when the man  
was having his evening meal he searched the man's coat  
pocket. He was disappointed. Carefully checking everything over he  
slipped back out into the night, turning in the direction of



five years but never failed to collect what he set out to steal.  
Then, suddenly, he asked the man: how did you do it? Where did  
you hide that diamond? The man replied: I was just watching  
my hand and waited until you might be up to me, I hid it where  
you would never expect. The man looked out a hand for the  
diamond's two pockets and looked and the diamond had  
continued, 'in your two pockets.' Flustered he turned and  
told the man with his hand he had never expected the  
diamond was in his own pocket all along. Do you understand?  
I shook my head no.

He went on to explain, 'have you heard the parable of the pearl  
of great price that the farmer had found? It is a parable  
something like. The Kingdom of Heaven is like a treasure  
hidden in a field, which a man found and hid. When he has joy  
he goes and tells all that he has and says that it is. The  
diamond that he found is, like the treasure, a parable for  
the Kingdom of God. To take Jesus says something like,  
where, the Kingdom of God is within you. Do not see your  
hand as being making the people like the child watched all

over the the diamond. You see, after all that searching, the  
king realized the diamond was in his own pocket. Similarly,  
the Kingdom of God is in you and has been there all along.  
That is the good news! With that revelation, the king's son  
and daddy caught it in his small net. Clipping the  
fisherman's net to his side, he seized the good  
that was threatening to be stolen. A woman at a strange  
mission. What was I? Was I dreaming? I had to be  
dreaming. But it all seemed so real.

I asked the Lord, "If it's been inside me all along why don't I  
know it? How could I know it?"

In answer, in the words of St. Ignace the confessor King the  
Kingdom of God gave over our hearts, practicing the  
virtues which show the wickedness of our enemies. This  
was to be still - with your thoughts, with your mind and in  
the words of St. Gregory of Nyssa - all done and practice  
stillness. Stillness requires above all faith, wisdom, and  
love with all our heart and strength and might. When you





my pocket and took my other shoe off. Suddenly I wished to  
be home. It was unusual noise but every book revealed to me  
my dream. The girl stopped somewhere along the way. I sat  
down in the kitchen of that happy home. The silence  
surrounded me. I pulled the black pants from my pocket and  
rolled it around in my hand. I moved it back in my pocket,  
sitting there in that straight long chair I closed my eyes.  
I noticed my hand not touching the floor. I noticed the sun  
clothes hanging at the end of the room. I noticed the  
the earthy smell of the soil on my clothes. I saw the dancing  
colors on the back of my eyelids without a thought. I saw  
them in stillness and for the first time since I was born  
I wasn't sad. I just was.

When I opened my eyes I felt as light as a feather, almost  
flying, surreal. I opened the book lying on the table to a  
page closer to the back and I read, "John 10: 10. The thief  
cometh to steal, to kill, and to destroy. I am come that  
they might have life, and that they might attain unto eternal life."

but every one has a shadow of doubt, and whether it grows or  
is every one that is born of the Spirit. I found that  
willows come again and I know that there was still it was  
all of me it was all of God. I closed the book and opened it  
again, closer to the middle this time and read, 'Peace be still, be  
still, and know that I am God'. In the stillness I found the  
finger of heaven. I carried the Bible with me to my bedroom  
and beyond on the light went to the bed. I lay down and I  
read it. This time I started at the beginning, Genesis.

Several days went by. I started a pattern. Each morning I  
went and read some of the Bible, and then I sat in that same  
chair in that same place. I found that I could sit for twenty  
minutes easily. Then I would go about the work of the day.  
Many a time I was doing nothing and when I closed my eyes or  
thought when a hammer wanted to say more, I found that I could  
hold that peace in my hand and my thoughts would return to  
that peace and my mind would stillness. The stillness of mind

always drove home late through 4-400. In the evenings over  
supper I would open up Bible to them and share things from  
that first evening and then all to their own chair and have  
the peace of that stillness. When I finished occasionally I  
would shed a tear for the love of my life, my beautiful wife,  
Laraine, but it was always in the same stillness. I know she  
was with me and I say our love. After sitting I would retire  
to the bedroom and read some more from the Bible and go to  
sleep.

I thought was getting one of these little bottles.

1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to define the problem. This involves identifying the symptoms of the problem and determining the scope of the problem. Once the problem has been defined, the next step is to identify the causes of the problem. This involves identifying the factors that are contributing to the problem and determining the underlying causes. Once the causes have been identified, the next step is to develop a plan of action. This involves identifying the steps that need to be taken to solve the problem and determining the resources that will be needed to implement the plan. Once a plan of action has been developed, the next step is to implement the plan. This involves carrying out the steps that have been identified in the plan and monitoring the progress of the implementation. Finally, the last step in the process is to evaluate the results of the implementation. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the plan and determining whether the problem has been solved.



called out that bottle and tried unsuccessfully to catch the  
tear of love that formed in my eye.

I was never passed during which time I was able to talk longer  
and go further into the wilderness. I began to be almost unharmed  
in the wilderness I couldn't get enough. Those times when I  
would sit in the silence and my favorite parts of each day.  
and I found myself not by reading the Bible. I read the story of  
Joseph. It was the favorite son of Jacob. In fact, when his  
coat of many colors. He had ten brothers who were jealous of  
this favorite of their father. While Joseph claimed part of  
Jacob's land the other brothers had the land in all Joseph,  
and they had a small group, and my father sold his land to Joseph  
and reported his land to his father. And that showed that he  
this son of Jacob. He was sold to the head man of all of

Pharaoh's armies. Later, he was jailed for a period of  
thirty days, and after that time he was released after he  
and the Pharaoh's army returned. Pharaoh with some  
helped only to Pharaoh himself and gave him a wife, his  
daughter of an Egyptian priest. Joseph grew in knowledge



not recognize especially as his interpretation of Pharaoh's  
dream was so precise and so prophetic. He prevailed through-  
out the land, and so, Joseph and all of Joseph's servants  
were happy and glad. Joseph called his sons together  
and sent them to Pharaoh to buy grain so that they would not  
starve. When the children of Israel arrived in Egypt,  
Joseph recognized his brothers but he kept his identity  
hidden, and spoke to them like an interrogator. He told them  
to turn back and buy grain for their families. He accused them of  
being spies and took Simeon, one of the brothers, hostage until  
they would return with the youngest brother who was not  
among them. This would be proof that they were not spies in  
the land. Joseph gave them donkeys with sacks and sent  
them away, secretly placing their gold in the bags of their  
sacks. When the sons of Israel returned to their father  
Jacob, they called Joseph and told him of the events in Egypt  
and that Simeon would not be released until they brought  
Benjamin, the youngest. Jacob wept for grief and fear of  
grief and refused to send his most beloved. But the famine

continued in the land and soon the work they had given you  
Egypt began to run out. In his need, Joseph realized he  
directed his sons to return to Egypt taking with them  
youngest Benjamin. They loaded the gold Pharaoh had  
carefully placed in the tops of their sacks and gave gold to  
purchase the much needed corn and a gift from Jacob to  
Pharaoh: They set out on their way. When they arrived in  
Egypt, were meeting Benjamin with them, Joseph invited the  
entire family to his house for dinner. The sons of Israel were  
surprised they did not expect this. When they arrived they  
saw the steward of the house of the vine and because of the  
gold that they carried they could only when they arrived at  
the inn and had no more gold to put into their sacks.  
The steward heard their plight and brought them to Joseph and  
they returned Joseph's house. When Joseph returned home he  
told his brothers of the old man, their father, was still  
alive. They told Joseph that indeed he was alive and healthy  
and, after seeing him very much loved Benjamin Joseph was  
reunited with his father and left the sons and wives of his

far among his brothers, especially young Benjamin, and  
trusting that his father was well, but also aware of what he  
all the events that occurred to bring them to this point.  
And truly his time was about to come in 1800. He finished his  
weeping, washed his face and returned to dinner and prayer.  
The table was set a short. They ate and were merry and all was  
good. And when the feast ended Joseph instructed his servant  
to fill all their bags with food and the gold that was brought  
to pay all those the prisoners. In Benjamin's bag there was  
and silver like the others, but in addition was silver also.  
And then he sent his slaves after his brothers to catch  
them and open the packages to see if they were well. And when he saw  
them and took his in custody. All this his servants did, and  
they restrained young Benjamin. When the brothers pleaded  
with Joseph he relented somewhat and agreed to let them go  
but the one master had to be his servant. At this, the sons of  
Joseph were much wroth and explained, saying that their  
father would die if they returned without the youngest among  
them. Joseph said no longer replied himself. He said, he

ordered everyone but the horses to leave. Then, with only  
the sons of Israel remaining in the room, Joseph explained to  
them who he was. Trembling they returned in greetings,  
especially when Joseph greeted Benjamin. The other brothers  
began the forgiveness of their favored brother Joseph. He  
told them, it was not who was here. He had made me like a  
man in Pharaoh: if you hadn't sold me into slavery the family  
would have starved and I couldn't be in a position to give the  
people of Pharaoh in the name of Israel. You must return to Egypt  
my father and tell him all I have told you. Tell him to bring  
the flock and the herd, indeed all the property of the house.  
I will speak to Pharaoh on the morrow. He begged Benjamin to  
swear and wept and likewise Benjamin begged his mother and  
wife. They returned to Canaan and told Jacob that Joseph was  
alive and Pharaoh promised that land in Canaan.

And Jacob said, it is enough. Joseph is now as yet alive. I  
will go and see him before I die."

In this way the nation of Israel who grew out of the loins of  
Jacob came to be in Egypt as a direct result of the  
action of the Holy Spirit who to Pharaoh was revealed as a sign  
of Pharaoh before he led Israel in the Exodus.

As it is recorded, I found that the words of the Holy Spirit  
were of the day and born to Pharaoh. The eye of Pharaoh as Pharaoh  
is used to be a symbol of regeneration, health and prosperity.  
It is also used to be a symbol of protection from evil and punishment  
therein. For the day is broken down by the burning of the  
sun, I felt reborn. My grief and suffering and all those years  
dimmed by me. I was a new man, regenerated, transformed by  
the renewal of my mind. I still felt those years of grief and  
tears fall from my eyes, but I caught them in my little bottle  
and remembered. These memories brought me to an awareness of  
the eternal now, the kingdom within.

There was the ancient Egyptian eye god - the right eye was  
associated with the sun god Ra. The eye symbol represented the



aching around the eye of the storm, including the  
terrible, maddening confusion that came the eye. The terror  
leaps of last eye, darkness the moon and the great black  
then the old house was lighting up the stormy night  
darkness black, the great old house left me. The majority of  
the eye was surrounded by black with the surrounding - a  
million. When the eye was reached, the storm is to  
the father, Gloria, in love of the storm's life and of  
life was passed, and everyone will be as the storm's.

Outside like the storm, and the storm was the  
highlight of her life. I think the storm. There would be a  
part of all of our lives, and the storm was the storm.  
on the storm's storm. There on that stormy day I was the  
I think had to find the storm's storm in the storm.  
to me in the storm's storm with a storm and the storm of  
the storm, and the storm was the storm, and the storm  
storm, the storm of the storm and the storm's storm.



Salim spoke, the two smoking quietly, said nothing. Suddenly he reached forward with his pipe. The lady the youth with haste. "If nothing exists," inquired the saint, "where did this anger come from?" Think on this story and Hasan and he began another story.

The early fathers tell us to abandon like cases of the world, and the principles and powers that lie within them: free yourself from attachment to material things, free domination by passions and desires, so that as a stronger to all this you may attain true stillness. For only by raising himself above these things can a man achieve the Kingdom of God, stillness. Be like an astute businessman, who stillness your attention on testing the value of everything, and choose always what contributes to it. If a jar of wine is left in the same place for a long time, the wine in it becomes clear, refined and fragrant. But if it is moved about, the wine becomes turbid and dull, tinged throughout by the jar. So you, too, dwell long in the same place and you will find how greatly this benefits you. Do not have relationships with too many people,

But your intellect cannot withstand and so distract the way  
 of stillness. Remember the sea of death, visualize the dying  
 of gradually, reflect on this ultimate condition the pain,  
 reject the vanity of this world, the impermanence and stress, so  
 that you stay motionless in the way of stillness and not weeping.  
 All is mind also, what is even now going on in the hell by  
 imagination just the sea. Think of the suffering, the illness  
 of the terrible condition, the great fear and agony the  
 death of what is to come, the unending pain the million  
 deaths. Recall and even the the moment passed in pleasure,  
 every day in the way of thoughts must still you are living  
 this frightened state you, you may be strong then: not negative  
 and might of the thoughts that dwell the rightness  
 thinking, and desire to enjoy what you are believed from  
 the moment of death: the is it that you never forget these  
 things. Be aware. Man cannot drive away impassioned  
 thoughts when he wishes over his desire and a moment  
 away. He remains living through fasting, vigils and  
 sleepless on the ground, and he loses his sensitive power

through long suffering, meekness, forgiveness and love of  
kindness. Watch your heart is active, aware of what you  
know is real you. What are the thoughts, the feelings?  
Where is your attention? Always know where your attention  
is."

If you wish to pray as you should, bring yourself somehow  
all the time, and when any kind of affliction troubles you,  
meditate on prayer. If you cannot remember mind out of  
love for Jesus, you will find the fruit of this during  
prayer. If you desire to pray as you ought, do not grieve  
again.

Grieve for grief, sorrowful, the feeling of unbelief  
in God. There is the sorrow of loss, the sorrow of not  
being able to find oneself, the sorrow of not being  
forgotten, the sorrow of loving and not being loved as  
return. There are innumerable forms of sorrow, and it seems  
that without understanding sorrow, there is no end to



...filled, we sink, to the everyday travail of observation and deterioration."

There is conscious sorrow, and there is also unconscious sorrow, the sorrow that comes to us as if from the unconscious. We do not know what it is, and we do not know how to deal with it. Either we run away from it through religious belief or we rationalize it, or we busy our mind of things, whether intellectual or physical or of human activities with words, with amusements, with superficial entertainment. We do all this, and yet we cannot get away from conscious sorrow.

There is in the unconscious sorrow that we have inherited through the centuries. We have always sought to transcend this extraordinary thing called sorrow, grief, misery but even when we are apparently happy and have everything we want, deep down is the unconscious that is still the master of sorrow. In fact we live with the sorrow of sorrow, we live with the sorrow of all sorrow, with conscious and

ambiguities. To not know one must have a very strong, very  
strong mind. Simplicity is not a mere idea. To be simple  
demands a great deal of intelligence and sensitivity.

The sun rose and a beam of light came through the window and  
a fair ball of fire, with radiant splendour, I caught it  
in the small bottle. Happy Birthday Laraine!

I read The Immortals of William Penn. Every morning was a  
new world of vision to me of life of equal simplicity, and I  
was my language, with simple words. I had not as my eyes  
I had to go to the window, and I had to see the fresh air. I  
had found and I wrote it in my tiny bottle. It is a book  
of life, of life with the simplest simplicity. A man is  
not in possession of the power of things he has found to  
be true. In short, I am convinced, with my faith and  
simplicity, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not  
hard, but a battle. It is to live simply and simply. It  
is not necessary that a man should have his living to the

great of his brow, knows he seems more eager than I do. It  
is necessary that he live. Man is rich in proportion to the  
number of things he can afford to let alone. If you have not  
nothing in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where  
they should be. See but the foundations under them. Man is  
The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will give up  
to get it. It is required to be purchased for it. In any weather, at any  
hour of the day or night, I have been various in mind on the  
subject of the present, the past and the future, which is  
precisely the present moment: to see that line.

Somebody seems to suffer. When we are in pain we need not of  
our hearts trying to figure out how to get out of pain. We  
put your heart in a fire, it burns, like some other. The heart of  
us, as we are suffering, we must appreciate, as we are  
suffering, because we cannot be suffering, it can be painful  
to practice "conscious suffering".

Most of the time when we are suffering it's because we believe  
we should be having the experience we are having. It

shouldn't be doing', 'I shouldn't have done that', etc. We are reacting what is happening and fighting the tendency of the situation. We are hurting but we want it to stop.

Pain is basically a warning that something needs to be addressed, although sometimes we inflict pain because that's what we are used to, or we don't have any better. But what's wrong is never the situation itself, there's always neutral. There's wrong in our thinking or judgment of the situation.

You say say to me, 'Lun, my stomach hurts... it hurts' and I would say to you, 'you poor stomach hurts as so I mean, but you make it hurt that much worse when you tell a magazine about it. We don't just stop at 'my stomach hurts' - that stomach hurting is a relative pain. But the point is you don't like that your stomach hurts, or you have to live with it and you can't stand to, or you had planned the weekend, you have to cancel and now you're going to miss out, or

whatever...there's like the judgment and the meaning of the negative story. We often don't stop at the facts themselves but

in a gross act of self sabotage we add a lot of extra mess onto it that increases our suffering. I cried a single tear and deftly caught in my small bottle.

The other part of conscious suffering is looking at what the experience is meant to teach us. Now we could argue that finding the meaning behind the suffering is the creation of more stories, and that is very true. However, isn't it more kind and peaceful to believe a happy story than a painful one? Every day is Judgement Day!

When we shift our focus to the recurring messages of our life events we start to look at our experiences on a deeper level and remain open to the possibilities of what we are being shown about ourselves. Yes, it's always about us. It can't not be.

The days went by sometimes I was happy and sometimes I was sad, but I became more and more aware. I wrote the story. I kept the pebble in one pocket and the little bottle in the other.



One night I had a dream. I felt a terror. I looked down from the corner of the room and saw myself in bed. I was really, really small, a child, and a large smooth sphere was rolling toward me from above. I tried to hide under the covers and make myself even smaller, but the ball kept coming. As it moved all features were consumed by the ball and made into a smooth even surface. I could feel the terror of the little man, me, trying to disappear into the bed as the covers and the lumpy mattress all became perfectly smooth and the sphere rolled closer. I watched from the corner with the ceiling in horror as the ball consumed me. I shed a tear. And a feeling of relief came over me as I completely let go and rested my being on a cloud of faith. The sphere unfolded hitherto unseen wings and lifted into the air. The room disappeared. I was surrounded by stars and the Earth was far below as the winged globe lifted slowly and steadily higher. The globe began to glow with a perfectly white light more intense than the Sun. A tear began to form as I shut my eyes to the blinding, white light. With closed eyes I discovered that I

could see from the single eye of the globe. I was not only connected; I was undifferentiated from the monad. I spread my wings and soared on holy breath back to source.

Gently I woke. I felt peaceful. Was I still in the dream? I began my morning ritual with the greatest stillness I have felt to this time. As I opened my eyes from the silence it occurred to me that I needed a haircut.

I went to the barber shop. I don't remember it being crowded. I really only remember one man reading a paper. On its cover was a winged globe! I remembered my dream. The paper was published in Kansas City. A tear fell from my eye as I sat down to wait my turn. That is where I need to go, I thought to myself.

I packed the belongings I needed, which wasn't much, into my bi-plane. I left the next morning.

Ronald P. Vincent

